

The W. R.
Hallowell
Book No. 1

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M THE WEST.

Feb. 2nd 1903.

Editor Rec;

One evening August 10, while crossing an old grain wharf in Port Townsend, Wash., my eye caught the words "State of Maine," on a gravestone some distance away and on coming nearer found the inscription to be:

Sacred to

The Memory of
Charles L. Dodge
State of Maine

Who was killed on board the
U. S. Rev Steamer Wyzanda,
by falling from her fore topsail yard
Dec. 15, 1868.
Aged 23 years.

This Tablet is placed here by his shipmates.

Wherever we wander the words "State of Maine" written or spoken always wake us to thoughts of the boyhood days. At Port Townsend we were entertained by Mrs. Capt. John F. Hinds, formerly Mrs. Gabert of Richmond, and known to her schoolmates as Martha Davis, daughter of Capt. Aaron Davis of Chelsea. At Squamish we found her brother, George A. Davis, who will be remembered by the Academy boys of the early fifties as our fleetest runner; Henry V. Emmons and Alek Wall our best jumpers, and George Davis, Frank Harvey and Jim Huntoon as the three best skaters and the last caught at Cornum. I wonder if the boys skate on Cornum as we used to. We all remember Matt Lewis (colored) and Jim Wise as big skaters hard to catch. In the last REGISTER I saw was something regarding Capt. Chas. H. Wells, who had retired from Chinese steamboating. His mate Capt. Joe Perkins, I saw in Chicago in '92. He was taken sick and went to Colorado and died that fall. Joe was my deskmate at the Academy and the two Joes were decidedly thick. Ed. M. Jones, late a resident of Castana, has moved to Onawa, our county seat, where he is engaged as Deputy treasurer. The Day boys are still alive. Henry W. and Cy Cooper are in next town above us. Cy is mayor of Mapleton and a leading attorney. Henry Cooper has a son Henry who is in the Phillippines and lately wrote an interesting letter which was published in our county papers. Occasionally I hear from Capt. Charlie Curtis, who is now Military Instructor in the Wisconsin University at Madison,

M. L.

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REYNOLD'S HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Wis. I wish somebody could give through the REGISTER, the whereabouts of the old boys and girls who are yet in the land of the living. I hardly ever go out on a long trail but I find some of them and it is a treat to meet them. Of course in traveling, when we meet any one from the "State of Maine", we are at least first cousins, and you may laugh, but in a week's tour around about Minneapolis and Saint Paul, I met over a hundred cousins of different degrees—all blood relations. And it was not a specially good week for cousins!

Fraternally yours,

JOE B. P. DAY.

Castana, Iowa.

A FEBRUARY SONG.

ELLEN HAMLIN BUTLER.

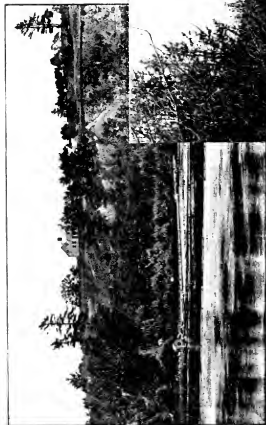
Now everybody chooses
A new valentine,
Saying with pretty ruses
"May I call thee mine?"
So I send a tender strain
From the far off western plain,
Just to tell thee, dearest Maine,
I am ever thine.

Thou hast tried me in more
Than a hundred ways,
Made my heart (and throat) sore
By thy wayward days,
And I've said, oh many a time,
I'd devote me love and rhyme
To some gentle, constant clime
That deserved my praise.

Whoso takes a kiss
From thy witching lip
May be tasting bliss,
Or a touch of gripple!
When thou designest to be fair
None with thee can then compare.
Lovers flock from everywhere
(On their summer trip.)

But to-day thou art
Without flaw or stain,
And I know thy heart
Purified by pain.
From thy garments white and gold
Gleams thy face so sweet and cold,
Making me a thousandfold
More thine own, oh Maine!

“A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.”



Chelaca Heights

The Bombabook

The Hallowell Book

H. K. Baker



HALLOWELL:
REGISTER PRESS,
1902.

J. B. P. DAY,
CASTANA,
IOWA.

1722313

To the Sons and Daughters of Hallowell among whom I have made my home for eighty-one years, this little book written at the age of ninety-five to while away the weary hours of illness, is affectionately dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

Contents.

HALLOWELL.

“The Hallowell Hills.” MRS. MARTHA BAKER DUNN

THE VAUGHAN HOMESTEAD.

“Blue-Stocking Club.” MISS PEABODY

THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH.

“The Old South Church of Hallowell.” MISS MARY E. MOODY

THE HALLOWELL HIGH SCHOOL.

“The Hostel.” WILLIAM B. GLAZIER

THE HUBBARD FREE LIBRARY.

“The Hallowell Library.” MRS. ENMA HUNTINGTON NASON

THE HALLOWELL HOUSE.

“The Alpine Call.” MRS. ANNA SARGENT HUNT

THE NEW CITY HALL.

“A March Mayflower.” MISS EMMA MARIE CASS

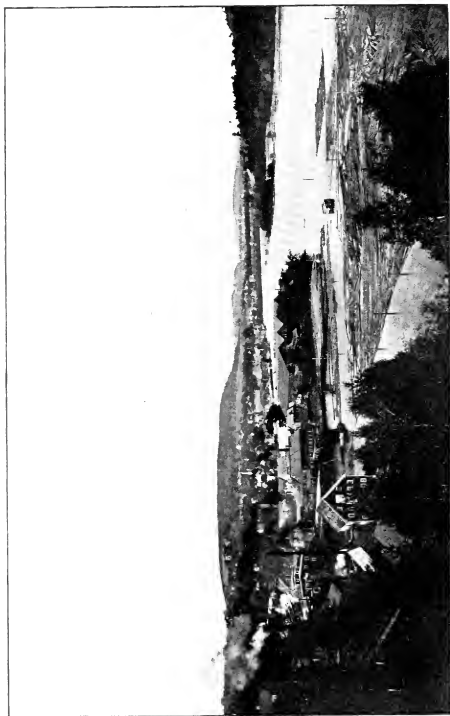
THE MAINE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

“Comfort.” PROF. C. F. RICHARDSON

“November.” H. K. BAKER

“The Powder House.” H. K. BAKER

“Hallowell.” MISS ELLEN HAMLIN BUTLER



Hallowell from Wilbar Hill

Hallowell.

HALLOWELL is one of the oldest towns in Maine. It was also, as originally laid out, one of the largest, embracing Augusta, Chelsea, Manchester and Farmingdale. The first settler was Deacon Pease Clark who came from Attleborough, Mass., in May, 1762, in a Province vessel loaded with supplies for Forts Western and Halifax.

He brought with him his wife and his son Peter, with his wife and child. They slept the first night under the body of a cart which they brought with them. They soon constructed a camp of boughs where the cotton factory now stands. The grant obtained from the Plymouth Company by Deacon Pease Clark contained one hundred acres of land, and was fifty rods wide and one mile long; it covered the central part of the present city of Hallowell. Peter Clark's lot adjoined his father's on the south. The first clearing was made near the old city hall and the first house was built on Academy street just back of the factory boarding-house. The house was two stories in front and one in the rear, and was built of lumber cut on the spot and the boards floated up from Gardiner where a saw mill had been built. Deacon Clark's other sons eventually came to the Kennebec and settled near their father.

Through the south part of Hallowell ran a brook called by the Indians "Bombahock," from which Hallowell took the name of "Bombahook," finally abbreviated to the "Hook."

The Hallowell Book

In 1771 a tract of land about ninety square miles around Fort Western was incorporated into a town and named Hallowell for Benjamin Hallowell, a Plymouth proprietor and merchant. The new town grew slowly and the settlement was mostly on the East side of the river near Fort Western. On the West side of the river the land was covered with forest without roads or dwellings. In what is now Hallowell, a part of Water street was used as a burial ground by the early settlers.

The first town meeting was called May 22, 1771, at Fort Western by James Howard, and Deacon Pease Clark was chosen Moderator and one of the Selectmen. Among the names of the other town officers we find the still familiar ones of Page, Davenport, and Cox. The inhabitants assembled at various times thereafter to establish roads, raise taxes, provide preaching, schooling and so forth.

The town also responded promptly to the extent of its means to the calls made upon it during the Revolutionary War. Several military companies were formed and prepared for active service by drill and exercise. A company of minute men was also organized in case of sudden alarm. During the war provisions on the Kennebec were often scarce and very high, and many families suffered with hunger. In 1784, the population of Hallowell consisted of 682 white persons and 10 negroes. There were 38 dwelling houses and 41 barns, besides various log cabins and huts.

A Court of Common Pleas was established in Hallowell in January, 1787. After this the town soon became prosperous, and as the surrounding country was settled, Hallowell became the center of a large trade both by land and water. So extensive was the trade by water that vessels came directly to Hallo-

Hallowell

well from the West Indies. The country merchants came for supplies and often the principal street was crowded. An academy was established in 1791 by order of the General Court, and was endowed by a grant of a township of land. A meeting house was also built and various industries started.

In 1797 the village at the Fort separated from the Hook and became a town under the name of Harrington, which name was soon changed to Augusta.

Hallowell continued to be the center of trade for many years and was one of the most flourishing towns in the state. The first newspaper printed on the Kennebec was published there; this was followed by others and by books and pamphlets so that Hallowell became a literary as well as a commercial center.

In 1850, Manchester and Chelsea were set off from Hallowell, and in 1852 Farmingdale became a separate town. Meanwhile the other towns grew and flourished, Augusta became the capital of the state, the railroad was built and Hallowell became less necessary to the surrounding country. Its industries were increased by the building of the cotton mill and oil-cloth factories, and they, in turn, have been succeeded by the shoe and sand-paper factories. The granite business has been one of the most extensive and enduring. The stone from the Hallowell quarries graces the buildings of many a city, and lays a foundation as firm as her everlasting hills.

Hallowell owns its water system, it has one of the finest library buildings in the state, and its city hall is a model of architectural beauty. The residences in Hallowell are substantial and home-like. Its churches, of which there are seven scattered through the city, are in good repair and well attended. On the top of Winthrop hill are the buildings of the State Industrial

The Hallowell Book

School for girls. Not far away is the historic Powder House built before the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and pointed out with pride to all who come to Hallowell. Hallowell became a city in 1850 and at the present time has about 3,000 inhabitants.

From the very beginning of her existence, Hallowell has been the home of many distinguished men and women. Among the families famous in olden days were the Vaughans, Merricks, Pages, Moodys, Nyes, Otises, Doles, Stickneys, Clarks, Gardiners, Perleys, Lowells, Paines, Grants, Wingates, Dummerys, and many others. The Cheevers became distinguished as divines in New York, Peleg Sprague and George Evans occupied seats in Congress, Henry Paine became a brilliant lawyer, and John S. C. Abbott a historian. Three of Hallowell's citizens, John Hubbard, Samuel Wells and Joseph R. Bodwell served their state as governor. The sons of Governor Hubbard fought bravely during the Civil War, and one of them lost his life at Port Hudson. The other son, General Thomas Hubbard of New York city, has shown his love for his native city in many ways, notably by his generous gift to the library. The Soldiers' Monument in the cemetery testifies to the bravery of many other sons of Hallowell.

Two of the descendants of Deacon Pease Clark, Mrs. Eliza Lowell and Miss Maria Clark, have given generously to enrich the city of their birth: Mrs. Lowell in presenting the new city hall and the addition to the library known as the Lowell Museum, and Miss Clark by leaving money for a school-house.

Hallowell can point with pride to her sons and daughters, born and reared on her rugged hills, now scattered over many countries; and they, in turn, look upon the city of their birth

Hallowell

with loving thoughts and wishes for her future prosperity.

“The world may smile—the world whose pain
Is measured by its golden gain,
Our pine-sweet breezes swell
With something it hath never heard,
A benediction fills the word,
The name of Hallowell.”



The Hills of Hallowell.

Martha Baker Dunn.

MRS. DUNN was born in Hallowell and educated there and at Kents Hill. She married R. Wesley Dunn, of Waterville. She has written much in prose and poetry and published several books.

A quiet city, half asleep,
Climbing the long slope of a hill,
And seeming watch and ward to keep
Above the river winding still,
While all around in verdure swell
The fair, green hills of Hallowell.

O happy hills! O pastures green!
What morning dreams your slopes have known!
What fairy visions I have seen
When every hill-side was a throne!
Each path my childish feet knew well
O'er those green hills of Hallowell.

How light those springing footsteps trod!
What joy throbbed in that pulsing heart!
The world was then new-born of God,
And sin and sorrow had no part.
What scenes, what hopes, your paths could tell
Ye dear, lost hills of Hallowell!

My way-worn feet may climb one day,
The self-same slopes they trod of yore,
May linger on the rock-hewn way,
Yet I shall find there nevermore
The thronging shapes that used to dwell
On those fair hills of Hallowell!

The Hills of Hallowell

Oft when I read in Sacred Word,
 "Unto the hills I lift mine eyes,"
I see the well-known outlines blurred
 Once more against the evening skies;
I hear the Sabbath music swell
Across the hills of Hallowell!

I hear the glad, old hymns once more,
 Voices long silent join the lays,
They echo from the viewless shore—
 Ah me, Heaven needs no sweeter praise!
Fond memory weaves a loving spell
Round the dear hills of Hallowell.

And now the changing, ceaseless days
 Rolling remorseless on, it seems
Twine a new halo round those ways,
 More sacred than my morning dreams,
For dear feet climb—I know it well—
The sunset hills of Hallowell.

O, faltering feet, that were so strong,
 I know what heights ye erst have trod,
Those quiet streets for you have long
 Been pathways up the Hills of God!
Steadfast in sun and shade as well,
Ye climbed His hills of Hallowell!

O blessed hills! Your rugged ways
 Grow fair with Heaven's sunset lights,
Ye throng with saints of other days
 Borne on to glory from your heights.
While soft the twilight breezes swell,
O'er the dear hills of Hallowell!

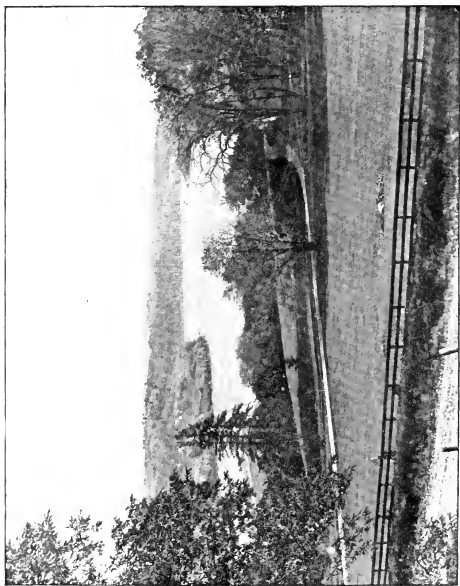
The Vaughan Homestead.

DR. BENJAMIN VAUGHAN emigrated from England to America about 1796. The Vaughan family owned a large tract of land bordering on the Kennebec river and running back a mile or more.

Here, on an elevation overlooking the river and the fields and forests on the other side, Dr. Vaughan built a modest mansion. The spot is a most picturesque and attractive one, and the large, square house which subsequently replaced the original buildings is one of the best preserved specimens of Colonial architecture to be found in a vicinity which presents many types of the stately and elegant homes of a former generation.

The Vaughan House, as it has always been called, stands on the north side of the brook formerly called Bombahook or Bom brook. A beautiful path shaded by fine old trees leads to a cascade not far from the mansion. This was formerly much visited on account of its picturesque location, but has been rendered much less attractive by the large mill pond just above it, which occupies the site of the lovely, tree-encircled Cascade pond of former days.

Dr. Vaughan was an educated physician, but did not practice except at his own pleasure. At one time when a disease called "spotted fever" was prevalent in Hallowell, Dr. Vaughan rendered very effective assistance to Dr. Benjamin Page in attending the sufferers.



• Vaughan Homestead Grounds and Kennebec

The Vaughan Homestead

Dr. Vaughan's brother Charles and his brother-in-law, John Merrick, also emigrated from England, and both the Vaughan and the Merrick families have always stood high in the public esteem. John Merrick was at the head of the memorable survey which located the route to Canada by way of the Chaudière in 1810 when the entire party barely escaped perishing from hunger.



Blue=Stocking Club.

Miss Peabody.

Sometime between 1820 and 1830 MISS PEABODY, of Salem, Massachusetts, came to Hallowell and opened a kindergarten in the Town House, then new. She was a sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mrs. Horace Mann. While she was in Hallowell, the young ladies formed a club of which she became a member. She wrote the following poem in regard to it.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?

Grave and gay, engaged and free,
All that kneel to beauty bright,
All that worship mirth and glee;
Some the learned page to scan,
Some perchance to listen too,
Some for conquering hearts to plan,
Some the pincushion to sew;
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Are going—gone to Doctor Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?

A gay assemblage will be there;
Vaughan with glowing beauty bright,
Happy heart and joyous air.
The elder Merriek gently grave,
And Mary, silent, full of feeling;
And Gillett, skilled on love to rave,
Every rising thought revealing;
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Going—gone to Doctor Page's.

Blue-Stocking Club

Wend you with the Blues to-night?

Brown and Perley in the ties
Of cronyism bound so tight,
There will dash in fashion's guise;
Cox, with fascinating air,
Conquering hearts at every glance,
With looks and manners debonair,
Glowing cheeks, and eyes askance;
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Going—gone to Doctor Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?

Norris, Agry, sweetly clad;
The Farrells both perhaps in white,
Perchance in Carolina plaid:
All the Pages too, of course,
Julia, Harriet, Fraziette;
So many names there are, perhaps
Some, the prophet may forget.
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Going—gone to Doctor Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?

Messrs Flagg and Balch are going,
William Stickney, Moore and Dwight,
All the tide of fashion flowing;
And with the leaders of the ton,
Haggard students from their cells,
Lombard, Otis, Robinson
To sport a season with the Belles;
Youths and Misses divers ages,
All are going to Doctor Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?

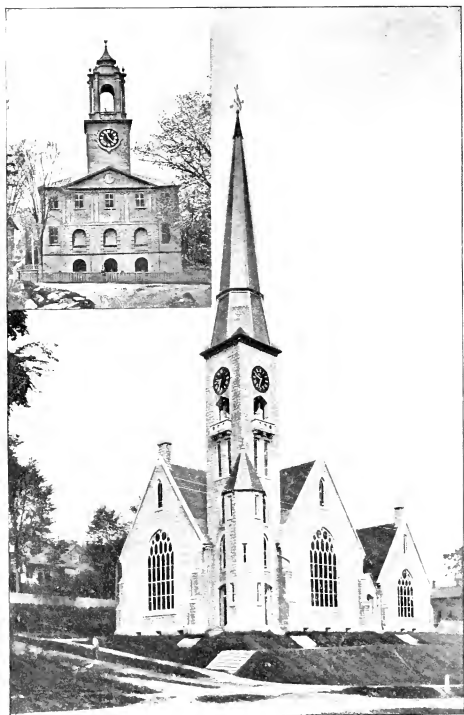
'Tis certain you may be amused;
In some corner you may light,
Where some neighbors are abused;

The Hallowell Book

If 'tis not your vein, pass by;
Some choice spirits still are there,
And by the power of sympathy
You may soon discover where;
For Youths and Misses divers ages,
Are ail going to Doctor Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?
See the moon is brightly beaming,
Creation now is clad in light,
Propitious to the lover's dreaming;
Leave behind you toil and care!
Leave behind you musty law!
Go, where mirth and beauty are;
What should you look gravely for?
Youths and Misses divers ages
Haste ye! haste to Doctor Page's.





South Congregational Church

The Congregational Church.

THE Congregational Church was the first to be established in Hallowell, but up to 1796 no church edifice had been built. The members of this church were drawn partly from Hallowell and partly from Chesterville, and in 1796 they united in building the "meeting house" generally known as the Old South. It was a large and commodious building for those times, accommodating an audience of 500 or more. It had the old-fashioned square pews and a gallery on three sides. The pews were ten feet long, with high backs and doors which shut the occupants in. When first built the church was entered in the second story through three arched doors opening upon a platform which extended across the front of the building and was reached by a flight of stairs at either end.

Subsequently the edifice was remodeled somewhat both inside and out, a vestry was built under the audience room and the entrance was changed to the first floor. Town meetings were sometimes held in the vestibule.

The architecture of this church was of unusual excellence. The spire was designed by Thomas Bulfinch, pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, and was a rarely artistic piece of work.

This house was burned in 1878, and after some years was replaced by the present granite building. The audience room of the new church edifice occupies the south and the vestry the north part. Both rooms have served their purpose well.

The Old South Church of Hallowell.

Mary Moody.

MISS MOODY was born and educated in Hallowell. For some years she conducted a private school there. Most of her life has been spent in her native city, but she is now living in Cincinnati. This poem was written shortly after the burning of the Old South Church.

The Old South Church of Hallowell!
Sweet and clear, like a silver bell,
Like breath of Spring, or song of birds,
Come to many, these simple words.
The stranger may pass with a careless eye
The liquid syllables heedless by:
Not so the hearts that have loved it well,
The Old South Church of Hallowell!
How rose that church from the lowly sod,
When the best they had, men gave to God,
Hewn from the heart of the living tree,
Tall and goodly, and fair to see?
Slowly it rose, to their waiting eyes,
A holy thing for sacrifice.
With earnest heart and purpose true,
They "builided better than they knew."
No stately ritual echoed there;
Few and simple the words of prayer:
The consecration need scarce be spoken;
The House was God's, without word or token.
It was built for God—it was built for man;
A church of Christ, on the Master's plan.

The Old South Church of Hallowell

And they passed it on to our love and care,
Their holy and beautiful House of Prayer.
Is it dead? Did it die when it passed from sight,
'Twixt dark and dawn of that wintry night?
Die? Is there any such word as Die,
For faith and love and loyalty?
Doth God forget the hands that wrought
To make just here a hallowed spot?
The words, from lips growing white and set,
"Remember the church!" Doth he forget?
Pour out the silver—pour out the gold,
In the Master's eye let the tale be told.
From near and far must the treasure come;
Ye wanderers—send of your fulness home,
From bursting bags or the widow's hand,
With an equal eye, each gift is scanned.
And large or small, they shall all be one,
When the Master saith to his own, "Well done."
Spotless and pure, must our temple rise,
A holy thing for sacrifice;
Hewn from the heart of the solid rock,
Patiently, carefully, block by block.
Faint not nor fail; it shall well endure;
Not alone ye toil; the work is sure.
Do they watch the piling, those men of yore?
The Master watcheth: it may be more.
The Old South Church of Hallowell!
Ay, build it strong, and build it well,
To stand once more, where it stood so long,
For right and truth—a shame to wrong.
Those liquid syllables cannot die;
List to the echo floating by,
Sweet and clear, like a silver bell,
The Old South Church of Hallowell.

The High School Building.

A wooden building to be used as an Academy was erected in 1795. It was one story in height and was burned in 1804. The next year a two-story building was erected in its place, but only the lower story was employed for school purposes. The second story got the name of Academy Hall from the fact that public meetings were sometimes held there.

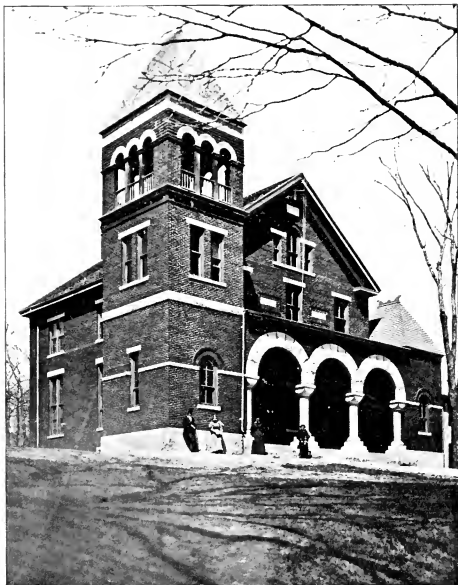
In the schoolroom the benches rose one above the other in the old style. A board partition, half high, separated the boys' seats from those of the girls.

In 1803 over 400 students had already been in attendance at this school, and in 1813 over 800. In 1807 a bell, purchased of Paul Revere & Son, was hung in the belfry.

Some years later this building was destroyed by fire, and replaced by a brick academy occupying the same site.

Among many teachers of note who at different times served as instructors in Hallowell Academy may be mentioned John Hubbard, who became Governor of Maine, J. W. Bradbury, afterward U. S. senator, Joseph C. Lovejoy, D. R. Goodwin and others. J. C. Withington was a man of great reputation as a teacher. As the public schools of Hallowell improved, the Academy became less successful.

The city at last purchased the building, remodeled it, and at present occupies it as a high school building.



High School Building—1890

The Hostel.

William B. Glazier.

WILLIAM B. GLAZIER was born in Hallowell and educated there and at Bowdoin College. He afterward went West where he died. He published a volume of poems from which the following is taken.

Long ago in merry England,
Sheltered from the dust and heat
By old elms, a quiet Hostel
Near the roadside wooed retreat.

At the door a sign was swinging,
Blazoned with a quaint device,
Telling how good cheer and lodging
Might be had for little price.

'Neath its eaves the dripping water,
In a trough fell bright and chill,
There the panting, wearied horses
Of the wagoner drank their fill.

There the host, so red and burly,
Drew for all a cheering draught,
There the traveler, tired and dusty,
From the foaming flagon quaffed.

'Round the walls were hung the tankards,
Filled so oft with mighty ale,
On whose burnished sides the firelight
Fitfully would flash and fail.

And from old and oaken rafters
Joints and flitches thickly hung,

The Hallowell Book

There the pilgrim, faint and hungry,
Often longing glances flung.
Many a time to jovial carols,
Shook the windows, shook the floor,
Many a time the host so burly,
Ne'er till daybreak barred his door.
Once a troop of weary travelers,
Faint and failing on the road,
Saw how, in the Hostel windows,
Red the summer sunset glowed.
At the old and much worn door-sill
Stood the host, whose shining face,
Flushed and ruddy as the sunset,
Had for them a wondrous grace.
Frank and hearty was his greeting,
And they 'lighted from their steeds,
Entered in the ancient Hostel,
Pressed its floor bestrewn with reeds.
Then was broached the oldest hogshead,
Then was served the choicest fare,
Then arose the jest and laughter,
Then was stifled every care.
They were guests of different station,
Knight and yeoman, rich and poor,
But the grades of rank and riches,
Vanished at the Hostel door.
There they sat until the shadows
Lengthened of the elm trees old,
There they sat until the moonrise
Made the tankards shine like gold.
Timidly the door was opened,
And a vagrant minstrel pressed

The Hostel

With a faltering step, the threshold,
Seeking shelter, seeking rest.

But a stalwart Knight, arising,
Said, "Sir Minstrel, never fear!
Enter in and sit beside us,
Thou art gladly welcome here."

He was young and slightly fashioned,
With a face, as woman's, fair,
And adown his neck and shoulders,
Fell his long and golden hair.

Then they placed him at their table,
Gave to him the highest seat,
Filled for him the foaming flagon,
Set before him wine and meat.

There he sat amid the yeomen,
'Mid the Knights so stout and tall,
And his soft and wondrous beauty
Fell, like sunshine, on them all.

Lovingly the moonlight lingered
O'er his long and waving hair,
Stealing on his gentle features,
Making fairness still more fair.

But at length their meal was ended,
And they made him this request,—
"Sing to us, oh gentle Minstrel,
Sing, before we go to rest."

In his hand his harp is lying,
O'er its strings his fingers sweep,
And the music that had slumbered
In its cords awakes from sleep.

Then his voice with it is blended,
Laden with a warlike strain,

The Hallowell Book

How the flower of England's warriors
Conquered on the battle plain.

Close his listeners press around him,
For, within each good Knight's breast,
Memories of hard fought battles
Waken from their wild unrest.

Now his strain is lower, sweeter,
Love is lingering on the strings,
'Tis a tale of burning passion,
That the vagrant Minstrel sings.

And from many a quivering eyelid,
And on many a manly cheek,
Falls the tear that tells their secret,
Secret that they may not speak.

Slower, slower steals the measure,
And amid the breathless calm,
From his harp ascends to Heaven,
A devout and holy psalm.

Then is traced upon each bosom
Of the cross the holy sign,
Then awaken in each spirit,
Yearnings sacred and divine.

And the moonlight filled the Hostel,
With a strange and solemn light;
With its rays the music mingled,
Making mystical the night.

Ceased the Minstrel; but the echoes
Yet were throbbing in the room,
As when after flowers are withered,
Still there lingers their perfume.

Ere his listeners knew his absence,
From their midst the bard had gone,

The Hostel

Passed across the much worn door-sill,
Went out in the night alone.

O'er the guests of that old Hostel,
Fell, that night, a sleep serene,
And the memory of the Minstrel
In their hearts, till death, was green.

Thus, along life's weary journey,
Song, a gift from Heaven, is thrown,
Strong to rouse each generous passion,
Sweet in memory when 'tis flown.



The Hubbard Free Library.

IN 1842 a number of intelligent and patriotic citizens met in the old brick schoolhouse to consult in regard to founding a public library.

It was decided to accomplish this project by subscriptions for shares to be sold at about twenty-five dollars each. The number of original subscribers was between forty and fifty. To this list some additions were subsequently made.

A committee was appointed to select books and locate the library, which began with a stock of 529 volumes obtained partly by gift and partly by purchase.

The library was for two years placed in the office of H. K. Baker. From there it was moved to Mr. Brooks's store and after the removal of the latter from town several other changes of location were made. In September, 1861, Mr. Charles Vaughan, of Cambridge, donated a brick building on Water street which was sold for \$1500 and the money deposited in the Savings Bank.

In 1878 a number of intelligent ladies formed themselves into a Library Building Association, and by means of the subscriptions obtained through their efforts, mostly from natives of Hallowell, the first library building—the nucleus of the present beautiful stone edifice—was erected on the corner of Central and Second streets. Hon. J. R. Bodwell generously gave all the stone required for the walls of the building, and the

The Hubbard Free Library

Fuller Brothers the iron cresting.

In 1893 Gen. T. H. Hubbard of New York city donated \$20,000 for the enlargement of the library building and as an endowment for the purchase of books. With this sum an addition was built and a free reading room was opened in connection with the library. At this time also, according to the conditions of General Hubbard's gift, the privileges of the library were made free to all, and the name was changed to the Hubbard Free Library.

In 1898 Mrs. Eliza Lowell gave \$10,000 for the further enlargement of the library building and the addition of a museum. This is called the Lowell Museum, and already contains several hundred curiosities donated by interested persons.

The library now numbers some ten thousand volumes and these books find many readers. Sometimes nearly one hundred volumes are given out during a day.

General Hubbard, Mrs. Benjamin Vaughan, Professor Richardson, Everett T. Getchell and others have been liberal contributors of books and curiosities. H. K. Baker and family have presented at least two hundred volumes.

The library and reading room are open three days during the week in both afternoon and evening. Many periodicals are taken for the use of the reading room, and are read by old and young. For about twenty-five years Miss Annie F. Page has served as librarian. In this work she has had a succession of assistants.

The Hallowell Library.

Emma Huntington Nason.

MRS. EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON was educated in Hallowell and at Kents Hill. She married Charles H. Nason of Augusta. She has been a very successful writer and has published two volumes of poems. The following poem was read at the dedication of the first Library Building.

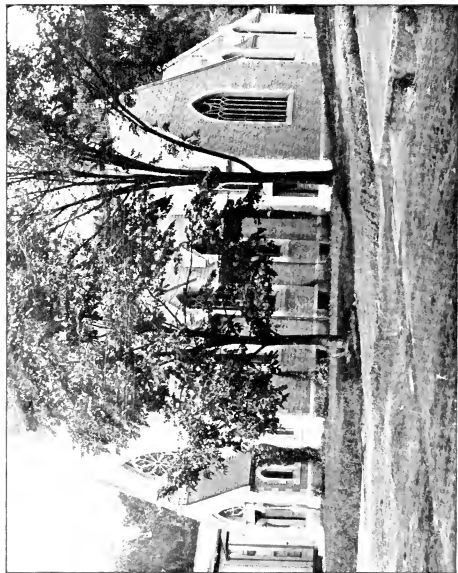
Old friends upon these spacious shelves,
We hardly know you here to-night;
We wonder if you know yourselves
In this strange, unfamiliar light.

There was a time in years ago,
Ere we had dreamed of gathering here,
That I could lay my hand upon
A hundred volumes, still so dear.

Where are ye, ancient Abbott Books,
In dress of drab with labels green?
Close-packed, perchance, in quiet nooks,
Asleep, your dusty lids between?

We deemed that nothing could surpass
Your glories—in that olden day;
We had no good “St. Nicholas,”
No “Alcott Books,” no “Sophie May.”

I well recall from childhood’s time,
That rare, *first* novel that I knew;
Dear old “Lampighter!” Does he climb
To light his lamps to-night for you?



Hubbard Free Library

The Hallowell Library

Those were, indeed, enchanted days,
When in some quiet corner curled,
We reveled in the tangled maze
The hand of Scott traced for the world.

What though the modern critic find
Romantic dreams, unreal men
Upon his page? We did not mind:
A hero was a hero then!

We were not bound to analyze,
Dissect each joy and probe each pain;
And now 'tis sweet, perchance, and wise,
Those old illusions to retain.

Who *would* dispel the "goodly show,"
That glorifies the old crusade?
There *is* no death for "Ivanhoe;"
Immortal is the "Jewish Maid!"

Dead were the facts of History
Had they no roseate, ideal claim;
'Tis light, and love and poesy
That keep alive its mystic flame.

To "Uncle Tom," still through our tears,
We backward on thy sorrows look;
But half-believing in the years
When there was need of such a book.

Where have the rounded seasons fled
Since "Hiawatha's Song" was new?
Or those fair days in which we read
"Miles Standish's Courtship" through and through?

Can sweet "Evangeline" be dead?
The phantom foldings of her dress
Still flutter, as with half-turned head,
She sits within yon dim recess,

The Hallowell Book

And peering from the upper gloom,
We feel those old demonic eyes!
Poe's "Raven" of the sable plume—
Who shall thy sad ghost exorcise?

O dusky alcoves, deep and wide,
Where shall we Hawthorne's "Miriam" meet?
And where doth "Donatello" hide
In his idyllic, quaint retreat?

The lights of fiction long may glance
Ere on our paths again shall dawn
The witchery of such romance
As still enfolds the "Marble Faun."

And who among us can forget
The logic of the "One Horse Shay?"
Its genial satire lingers yet,
With memories of the "Earthquake Day!"

Whose hand shall spread another board
Of wit and wisdom like to that
Which sparkled round the breakfast board
Of the Atlantic "Autocrat?"

Professor, poet—ay! and friend!
Our hearts assert the three-fold claim;
Slow may life's lengthening shades descend,
Nor dim the halo round his name!

And Dinah Mulock—still we hold
Thy pages as a presence dear!
No poison taints the story told
In thy pure, healthy atmosphere.

O girlhood, place your hand in hers,
Who doth of "Woman's Kingdom" sing!
Of all love's sweet interpreters,
The sweetest sang "Philip, My King!"

The Hallowell Library

And Bayard Taylor—hand in hand
 We wandered o'er the earth with you;
 We pitched our tents upon the sand,
 We cooled our lips with Orient dew.

To-night we see the palm trees rise,
 We hear the hoofs of "Kublah" ring,
 Alas! that we must lift our eyes
 To heaven, and say, "O poet, sing!"

Then with the sorrows of the war,
 Came Whittier's impassioned song,
 The voice of prophet who foresaw
 The right triumphant over wrong.

His was the task to break the sod,
 His to proclaim, through bar or ban,
 The holy "fatherhood of God!"
 The loyal "brotherhood of man!"

And brave Brownell whose martial line
 Allured us oft o'er "Sapphire Seas!"
 He sang and died—nor thought to shine
 The hero of our victories.

Too late for laurel leaves or bay!
 We bring our tears—our tears instead;
 From tears spring violets; so may
 Perennial purple drape his bed!

O dear old books! what glorious views
 Of life and letters graced each page;
 Ye opened endless avenues
 Through every clime and every age.

For gifts so long, so widely known,
 The noblest tribute were thy due;
 We come to-night and simply *own*
 Our debt of gratitude to you.

The Hallowell Book

Long since your brilliant ranks were joined
By master minds from other shores;
Poets and novelists have coined
Their treasure in exchange for yours.

The proud historian here appears;
Philosopher and scientist;
While all the lights of later years
Illumine the grandly swelling list.

Subtle such influence and vast;
And he who tells its power for good,
Must take his data from the past,
And reckon to infinitude.

Well said the ancients, when they wooed
The classic muse on hill and lea,
That mental culture is the food
Which nourishes humanity!

And lo! the sunshine falls upon
The broken gods of Pericles;
The columns of the Parthenon
Stand shorn and mute above the seas.

While grand old Homer, who was crowned
Upon Hellenic heights long years
Ere Athens earned her classic ground,
Still sings to our enraptured ears.

The loaves he broke at morning dim,
The olden miracle repeat;
Succeeding ages learned of him,
Till all the world sits at his feet.

And here we spread a banquet rare;
Immortal viands grace the feast;
We build above this temple fair,
We lift its portals to the East!

The Hallowell Library

Long may the multitude partake,
Long may its treasured wealth outpour,
And on these walls we dedicate,
A blessing rest forevermore!

From earthly hills we lift our eyes,
O heights celestial, unto thee!
Awaiting from the listening skies—
A silent "Benedicite!"



The Hallowell House.

IN 1832 the citizens of Hallowell, feeling that a hotel was needed to satisfy the growing demands of the town, associated themselves together and built one of brick on the corner of Second and Winthrop streets. The stately proportions and substantial architecture of this building furnish another testimonial to the public spirit and admirable taste with which the citizens of Hallowell in those earlier days discharged what they felt to be their duty to the community. They built not only for themselves but for posterity.

The Hallowell House has been conducted by a succession of landlords and has sometimes been closed altogether. At present, having recently been thoroughly remodeled and put into very desirable shape, it is entering upon a new period of usefulness.



The Alpine Call.

Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt.

Mrs. HUNT spent her youthful days in Hallowell where she was educated. She married Charles C. Hunt of Augusta. She was for eleven years editor of the Home Mission Echo and is at present connected with it. She is also President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. From among her interesting writings we have selected this poem.

Do you know the charming custom
Of the snow-clad Switzerland,
Just a simple ev'ning habit,
That the people understand?
When upon those snowy summits,
Gleams the sunsets golden light,
When the valleys sit in shadow,
Waiting for the coming night;
Then the herdsman who is dwelling
In the highest home of all,
Takes his Alpine horn, and loudly
Gives this clearly spoken call,—
“Praise-the-Lord-our-God,” and listen,
How it cleaves the very air,
How it rouses all the herdsmen,
Watching in the twilight there!
Quickly on their horns they answer,
O'er and o'er the words repeat,
Restless night winds catch the greeting,
Bear it on with wings so fleet;

The Hallowell Book

Till from mount and cliff resounding
Rings the blessed clarion call,
Then it dies away, and silence
Settles gently over all.

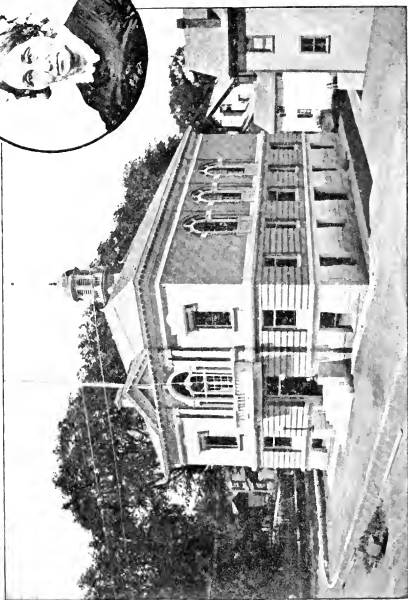
Now with heads uncovered, kneeling,
All the herdsmen softly pray,
While the darkness, with its mantle,
Hideth all the light of day—
Then, at last, the highest dweller
Calls "Good night," and answer comes
From the rocky cliffs and mountains,
From the horns of Switzer homes.

As those distant mountain shepherds,
When the night is coming down,
Thank the Father for the mercies,
That their pathway thickly crown,
So should *we* in humble rev'rence,
Daily look to Him above,
Who, through all the years, has given
Priceless tokens of His love.

Then, dear heart, in glad thanksgiving,
Sound the message far and wide,—
"Praise-the-Lord-our-God," and always
In his love securely hide.

Some one waiting in Life's shadows,
May perhaps *your* keynote hear,
And, unheeded blessings counting,
Send abroad some note of cheer.

Like the call from Alpine summits,
Our "Good-nights," will soon be heard,
Friends with bated breath will listen,
For the parting whispered word, —
Sometime in th' eternal dawning,
When earth's night has passed away,
Sometime we shall say "Good-morning,"
In the never-ending day.



Hallowell City Hall—With portrait of Mrs. Eliza Towell

The New City Hall.

IN 1899 Mrs. Eliza Lowell placed in the hands of three trustees \$20,000 to be used in building a new City Hall. The result of the gift has been the erection of a handsome building of buff brick with granite trimmings. The design is oriental with colonial features. The main entrance on Winthrop street has a fine stone front on either side of which are brass lamp posts of handsome design. The interior is finished in cypress throughout, the floors are of southern pine and the furniture of quartered oak. On the main floor are the offices of the city officials, each opening into the main vestibule. On the second floor is the hall which will seat 600 people. It is well lighted by nearly 100 electric lamps and has a gallery extending north and south on one side. It is situated on the corner of Winthrop and Second streets. One of the three fountains presented to the city by Benjamin Vaughan of Cambridge, Mass., is located near the City Hall grounds.

A March Mayflower.

Emma Marie Cass.

MISS CASS was born and educated in Hallowell. She has written many beautiful poems and songs for different periodicals.

Hark! on the chill March air,
With snow flakes flying fair,
 A faint, far note is rising,
 This little spot of earth apprising
That winter's reign is o'er,
And spring is waiting—yea, at the very door!
A thing so firm—so clear,
So freighted with good cheer,
 Is this glad voice uprising;
So clear, so fine—a prelude half divine,
The upper world in melody baptizing.

* * * * *

Hark! once again,
That piercing-sweet refrain,
 And yet again that passionate outpouring,
 Up to the singing stars, untrammelled soaring!
It falters now—it breaks, it sinks away,
And dies with dying day.

* * * * *

But yesterday, within a snow-girt hollow,
Where scarcely foot of man might care to follow,
 Safe hid from careless and unloving eyes,
 Behold—this sweet surprise;

The Mayflower

A mayflower clothed in roseate vestments springing
Toward the light—and all my soul went singing!

O voice of bird! O May bloom! frost-beset,
This soul of mine is singing, singing yet!



The Industrial School for Girls.

IN 1872 Mrs. Mary H. Flagg gave \$10,000 for the establishment of an Industrial School for Girls that they might be rescued from the peril of vicious homes and debasing influences.

Mrs. A. C. Dummer also gave \$2000 towards the purchase of a location and, with the further aid of donations from the State, the first school building was erected.

To meet the needs of the increasing number of inmates, ten years later a second, and more recently a third building was added for their accommodation.

Gifts have been made by others besides the two ladies mentioned, notably by Mrs. Erskine who donated \$2000.

Between three and four hundred girls have been trained in this school, a large proportion of whom have proved to be good women. It is estimated that about 80 per cent. of the pupils turn out well.

The school was supervised by voluntary trustees until 1899 when the State took the institution under its supervision. Since that time it has been managed by trustees appointed by the Governor and Council.

Comfort.

Charles F. Richardson.

PROF. RICHARDSON was born in Hallowell and educated there and at Dartmouth College, where he is now Professor of English Literature. He has written several valuable books.

A single word is a little thing,
But a soul may be dying before your eyes
For lack of the comfort a word may bring,
With its welcome help and its sweet surprise.

A kindly look costs nothing at all,
But a heart may be starving for just one glance
That shall show by the eyelid's tender fall
The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear
To catch some tale of sore distress;
But men may be fainting beside us here,
For longing to share their weariness.

These gifts nor silver nor gold may buy,
Nor the wealth of the richest of men bestow,
But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye
The poorest may offer wherever he go.

November.

H. K. Baker.

HENRY K. BAKER, at the age of fourteen, came to Hallowell where he has since made his home. During his long life he has written much prose and some verse. The following poem was written at the age of nineteen when he was an apprentice in the printing office of Col. Andrew Masters.

The autumn wind blows chilly by,
 Bearing the sere, red leaf;
The clouds are gath'ring in the sky;
 The sun shines faint and brief.

The birds have left their fav'rite grove,
 And sought a milder sun;
O'er every field the cattle rove
 To find a verdant one.

November's frost, November's rain,
 November's cheerless days
Proclaim the year is on the wane;
 Winter no longer stays.

The breeze no more is bland and sweet,
 The air no more is soft;
And cold and bleak, the snow and sleet
 Whirl through the air aloft.

The trees rear high their naked arms;
 The woods are desolate;
Gone are the summer's glowing charms,
 That look of lasting date.

November

Now, round the ev'ning hearth convene
A dear domestic few ;
A sweet and long-remembered scene,
Which pencil never drew.

For there are fond and beaming eyes,
Telling a gentle tale
Of thoughts with which our bosoms rise,
Such thoughts as need no veil ;

And there are quiet, heartfelt smiles,
And cheeks that purely glow,
And prattling childhood's playful wiles,
And feeling's overflow.

The aged wear a peaceful look,
The youthful lovelier seem,
As seated in our ev'ning nook
We watch the fireside gleam.

Through life, when many a painful hour
And bitter thought we know,
We love, whatever tempests low'r,
That homely fireside's glow.

That sweetest spot of all the earth
Is mem'ry's richest store ;
Long as we live, that pleasant hearth
Thought fondly lingers o'er.

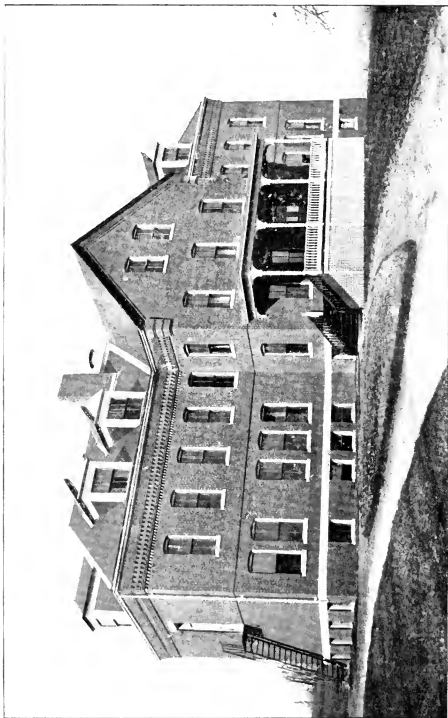


The Powder House.

H. K. Baker.

[Written at the age of 95.]

Placed on a hill, serene and high,
A tower was built no neighbors nigh.
Who placed it there, is all unknown,
Or who the place professed to own.
Seldom by human footsteps pressed,
And yet with charms and beauties blessed.
Here sweet blue violets early spring,
And feathered warblers flit and sing.
The careless traveller passing by,
Dreams not of any beauties nigh.
The grounds around are always green,
Save when in winter costume seen.
Solitary, and aloft it stands
Like sentinel waiting his commands.
Its walls of brick and stone are bare,
Uplifted in the soft, clear air.
A lonely figure, seen from far,
Like morning light, or evening star.
A blessing on the ancient hill,
And Powder House that crowns it still.
It stands by God's good providence,
For public safety and defence.



Baker Hall—Maine Industrial School for Girls

Hallowell.

Ellen Hamlin Butler.

MISS BUTLER has spent much of her life in Hallowell and is a graduate of the Hallowell Classical School. She wrote the poem for the dedication of the Lowell Museum. She has published one volume of poems.

The river with its ruffled blue
Divides the mighty hills in two,
 Caresses many a dell.
 Under a height that tosses back
The summer thunder from its track,
 Lie home and Hallowell.

The sunrise sends its couriers down
To wake the quaint, embowered town,
 A misty azure spell
At early even creeps to bridge
The depths beneath each rocky ridge,
 That watches Hallowell.

The world may smile—the world whose pain
Is measured by its golden gain;
 Our pine-sweet breezes swell
With something it hath never heard,
A benediction fills the word,
 The name of Hallowell.

Content to miss the flash and whirl,
We watch the breath of hearth fires curl
 With every mellow bell.

The Hallowell Book

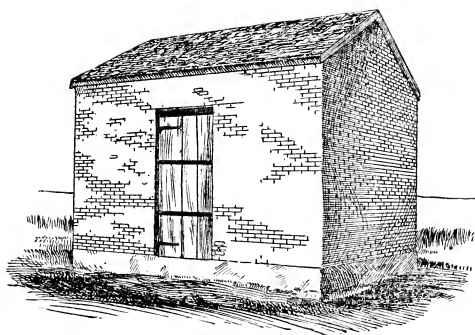
We note how fair the hours be,
Life hath a touch of Arcadie
In dreamy Hallowell!

Hope awards her dearest treasures here.
The gate of heaven is always near
Where faith and duty dwell.
We learn to toil and look above,
To spell God's truth of light and love
In hill-bound Hallowell.



BESIDE the peaceful Kennebec
These many years agone,
From out the forest tall and dark,
A little town was born.
It climbed the hillsides, rough and steep,
It crept through field and dell,
It spread o'er both the river's banks,—
This town of Hallowell.
Its people came of sturdy stock,
They minded toil nor care;
They builded homes, they tilled the soil
And took of joys their share.
They left to us who after came,
Sweet memories of the past —
Of hill and dale, of face and name—
That will forever last.

H. B. D.



De Hallowell Powder House.

